

After Hours

by Deaths Lie

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Summary: NiceArt office smut. It's literally just PWP with a tad bit of fluff on the side.

## After Hours

Normally Art returns home when the last trains leave. If he is too involved into a case he might not even return those nights, relying solely on coffee to get him through another day. It's been three days since Art went home this time, and Nice is beginning to worry. Their brief phone call earlier today only proved to Art was at his limit.

"Art, let's go out for dinner tonight?" Nice said in an almost whining tone, but really only trying to separate his lover from work long enough for him to crash. "We haven't been on a date in a while." He was laying on his stomach, swinging his legs playfully while staring at Art from the couch in the gorgeous bishi's office.

"I'm not too stressed out yet." Art said, knowing very well what Nice was doing. He continued tapping away at his computer trying to find any leads on his most recent case. Three women found at the same park have been found with a note carved between their shoulder blades. The last note saying, "I'll be back by four soon." The woman's autopsies showed no signs on the cause of death. The only damage to them was the note which was done postmortem. The only connection between the women was their undeniable beauty. The women were all left, sitting facing east, looking like dolls with a ring of dark pink rose petals surrounding them.

"They look beautiful. Even the pictures the police took of them look perfect." Nice said now behind Art looking at the case file over his shoulder. He didn't notice his breath tickling Art's ear, making his hair stand on edge or his head tilting back slightly. "And their hair doesn't have any dead ends. The killer knows how cut hair, and

probably went to school for it. The killer is male, judging by the distance into the park they are from the major road, and there are no marks of him dragging them. If he is a hair dresser four might be a break time, or at least when he comes back. The notes are clues to who he is, not of the next attack. The women are being used as models."

"I've been staring at this case for almost 72 hours and you get a hypothesis within 3 minutes of looking at it." Art looked over the pictures wondering how Nice could have gotten that much from practically nothing. He shook his head deciding Nice wins, it's time for him to sleep. He couldn't help glaring at the case slightly for confusing him so much.

"Don't sweat it, I looked into it earlier today. The only thing I realized from the pictures is the possible motive, which was what you're really missing. You have barber crossed out on your list among florist, male, and arrogant. Gasquet was getting worried about your health and let me see the bodies, because these pictures aren't clear enough to see the strands of hair." Art looked up at him, then gave a small smile appreciating how Nice was worried about him.

He began organizing the paper work on the desk, setting it all into a drawer to be worked on tomorrow. "Alright." Art said before standing up and stretching his arms over his head, his back cracking loud enough for Nice to hear. He turned around to wrap his arms around Nice's waist, pulling his partners lithe body into a tender hug, his chin tucking over the brunette's shoulder snugly. "Thank you." He whispered into Nice's ear.

Nice wrapped his own arms around the Yokohama Police Department superintendent. "Anytime." He responded quietly before letting his right hand slip to cup Art's cheek, tilting his head towards his face, while the other's arms remained around his waist. Their first kiss of the evening was small and quick. Like a greeting to their bigger kiss. Art shut his eyes when Nice's began taunting his lips with his own, occasionally nipping softly before getting more intense. He gave a lite flick with his tongue, brushing lightly over Art's lips again before dipping in to play with his. As moments dragged on the silence broke when Art groaned softly, involuntarily, making Nice smile before continuing and moaning shortly after.

Nice broke the kiss when he began feeling his lower regions stir, thinking about just where they were and how they shouldn't continue. Art whined softly about the loss of contact, lust glazed eyes fluttering open to pierce Nice's. Nice looked over his beautiful lover, looking forward to when they got home, but realized he stopped the kiss too late. Art already had a bulge in his pants, and seeing it made him realize so did he. Nice moved his hand to cup Art's crotch, at the same time saying huskily into his ear, "Want to take care of that here, or at home?" Art gasped as he leaned into the hand, face completely flushed. Not giving him a chance to say more Nice caused more friction to please his partner into agreeing to office fun.

"We really shouldn't." Art managed to say, already taking off his blazer and tie. Nice began helping him with his buttons, giving a low chuckle at the comment. "Do you even have anything to go all the way?" He said as he swiped his shirt to the side, standing bare chested in his office.

Nice stripped himself of his vest, taking out the tube and shaking it for Art to see before answering, "I was about to take you home." He winked implying he was planning to get it before even coming. His shirt was tossed in the same direction as the rest of the clothes.

"Of course." Art joked, his hand running along Nice's toned torso before pulling him into another kiss. His kiss was more tender, proceeding with caution and gently letting their tongues mingle. Nice let him lead it, enjoying his partners sweet way of dominating. It turned him on quicker than the most passionate kiss he could ever delivered, making his pants feel more like a prison than clothing.

Art pulled away, looking down a moment before glancing at Nice giving a cute smile. "Can I help you?" He taunted, running his index finger down Nice's fly. Nice shivered at how very seductive Art was being, cueing Art to pull off his belt. "Good boy." He damn near moaned, switching positions so Nice could lean on the desk before unzipping his pants and tugging boxers and all this his ankles.

Nice inhaled sharply at the cool air hitting his exposed erection. Art was quick to take the member in his hand, giving it a few pumps, precum beginning to drip from the tip. Art grabbed one of Nice's hips, and left the other at the base before guiding it into his mouth. He took as much in before pulling back off. He gave the head a lite kiss before focusing on sucking on it. Nice was leaning against the desk, bracing himself with one hand while biting on the other to hold back his moaning. His eyes were shut in and head tilted back in pleasure.

Art licked him from base to tip before taking him in his mouth again. He moaned, the sensation making Nice finally vocalize a breathy moan. His breathing was beginning to get more frequent, and less efficient. "Art," he whimpered, "so close." He felt Art hmm, pulling off with a pop just to excite him further.

"Lube?" Art said, laying his hand out for Nice to hand it to him. He was fairly determined to keep control tonight, though he more wanted to prepare himself to see what Nice thought of the sight. He didn't expect Nice to switch their positions yet again, leaving him with his back to Nice and hands on the desk. He felt chills go down his spin, and quiver with anticipation. He spread his legs, bending over arching his back, then looked back at Nice with big eyes quietly pleading for him to continue.

Nice smirked at the alluring sight, pouring a bountiful amount of solution into his hand then snapping the lid shut. He graciously laid small kisses down Art's spine as he warmed the substance, then covered his index finger in it. He slowly slipped in his first digit, knowing it had been awhile since they'd done anything. He continued gently prodding Art until his finger moved with ease before lubing and replacing his index finger with his ring and middle finger.

Art winced slightly when the two fingers were added, but only for the first time they entered. He became accustomed to them, moaning before Nice added the index finger back. It wasn't for a few minutes before he was taking all fingers easily, moaning and gripping the desk. "Is it okay if I enter?" Nice said desperately to Art, yet still willing

to patiently wait if that's what his lover needed. He received a peremptory nod. Nice slathered the rest of the lubricant onto himself. As he entered, Art tried to look back at him, his face crumpling with gratification.

Nice gripped Art by the hips setting their pace off slow. He drove into Art a few times before wrapping his arm around his waist, and laying the other to hold Art's hand. "You doing okay?" He breathlessly moaned. His mind was already a wasteland, filled only with the thoughts of pleasing their bodies. He loved how deep this position allowed for him to go, and he thought it would be the easiest where they decided to do it, but he missed seeing Art's face during sex. All he could see was how his shoulders curved sharply up, his head dipping and he could hear the sweet moans Art was giving.

He continued rocking into Art, savoring the delightful cries he gave at every thrust. He was beginning to perspire, heat enveloping their bodies as the time passed. He yearned to see his lover's face, knowing how relaxed it would be. His eyes shut, mouth begging to be kissed and face rosy in embarrassment. When he felt his climax approaching he couldn't stand the desire any longer. "I want to change position." He finally said.

"Okay," Art said softly, lost in his own world. He hopped up onto the desk when Nice slipped out to give them time to change positions. He spread his legs again, giving Nice a view of his athletic body slick with sweat, erection in view, inviting him to continue. Nice moved himself between Art's legs, holding his partners side to steady them, as Art gripped his shoulders, wrapping his legs around his waist. Nice quickly thrust back in making Art give a lude cry. Savoring how Art held onto him, and hid his blushing face into his shoulder.

He rolled his hips until Art was leaning back, loudly expressing his enjoyment. He stopped all movement long enough for Art to open his eyes to, begging for him to move, but instead he pressed their lips together. Only until their kiss was in full session did he begin moving again, their kiss quickly deteriorating to a sloppy passionate mess.

Their fast pace had Art mewling and moaning, head thrown back with a trace of drool coming down his chin now. The sight of perfectly together Art's hair a mess, calm eyes glistening in desire every time they opened to peak at him was the most gorgeous sight to behold. He easily topped all the World's seven wonders and becoming that of his own. Their pace was quickening, each thrust becoming stronger and more intense. Art held tightly to Nice. His voice going into Nice's ear, sending more sensations through him. The desk rattled with their movement, their loud moans echoing in the empty building. Art cried out Nice's name, reaching his peak and cumming onto them. Nice's could only hold out a few more thrusts before he moaned Art's name, head held back in pleasure.

They breathlessly stayed there trying to regain some control. When they could breathe again, they became lip locked. Their rough voice moaning into each other's mouths until Art broke it off. "I love you." He managed to say, raspy for air.

"I love you too," Nice said, kissing Art's forehead before finally pulling out. Art hopped off the desk, Nice's cum trickling down his

thigh as soon as he stood. He looked down realizing how messy he looked. "Do you have anything to clean up with?" Nice asked just as Art pulled out a box of tissues from his desk.

Nice squatted, beginning to lick Art's thighs clean, only managing a slight touch before Art pushed at his forehead. He moaned, bodies sensitivity heightened from their previous activities moments before. "Please, don't. I don't think I can last another round tonight, I'm sorry." He looked like he wanted it, but after three days without sleep anyone would give him credit just for lasting one round of sex and continuing to function.

Nice lightly chuckled kissing his partners inner thigh before taking a tissue. "It's okay, I'm surprised you'd go for anything right now." He began gently wiping up their, his, mess. One of his favorite things about after sex wasn't only the feeling of relief washing over his body, but seeing Art leak cum. His thin, muscled thighs curving into his rather shapely ass was incredible on it's own, but to see it claimed as his own stimulated him further.

"Thank you. And I'm a little surprised too, but well we haven't in a while and I really did need it. I was lying when I said I wasn't stressed earlier. I feel so much better now, though slightly guilty." He said wiping his own torso clean, stopping motion to scold Nice after a realization. "If I get distracted tomorrow thinking of what we did here I'm blaming you. And deprivation of sleep."

Nice smiled, giving Art a benevolent swat on his rear when he was done cleaning him. "At least we only got each other messy." He grabbed another tissue, cleaning himself before pulling up his pants, then picking up and handing Art is pile of lower clothing articles, including his shoes he had somehow managed to get off in their excitement. It really amazed Nice how his partner never had sex with his shoes on, even when they ravished each other upon entry into the house, bathroom stalls, and now office.

Nice began picking up their scattered clothing, starting with Art's shirt then his own. At the time he had thought they were almost making a pile, but he was wrong. His belt was by the couch, while his vest was on the other side of the room, vest nowhere near either and Art's clothes scattered in the same fashion. He made sure to dress Art first, acknowledging how dazed the other was looking.

When they were both dressed he was about to leave when Art threw a box of disinfectant wipes at him. "Even if we can't see it we need to clean the desk, floor, and chair. I really don't want anyone to know what we did here tonight." He was about to help clean up before Nice held up his hand to stop him.

"Ashamed are we?" Nice teased knowing full well Art was openly in a relationship with him. "I'm kidding by the way sleepy head. Why don't you go sit down while I finish cleaning. You look like your about to crash onto the floor asleep."

Art nodded tiredly, then sat down. It only took a few moments until Nice had the office looking cleaner than when he walked in, but now smelling like lemons. When he turned around Art was already asleep, head resting on his hand. "You're too cute." Nice said softly before lifting the other onto his back to carry home. Art wasn't heavy, but he was thankful his house was easy to get to from his work.

By the time he reached the door he could hear Art gently snoring like he did when he was completely out making him grin, then he used his own key to get inside. He locked the door before carrying Art to the bed, setting him down before changing him into PJ's and doing likewise. He lay in the dark a moment next to Art before turning to cuddle close to him. "Good night, you did amazing." He said before falling asleep as well.

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><p><strong>Author's Note: <strong>Welp that's my first NiceArt fic. I'm sorry to the anon for taking so long, but for me Nice is a really hard character to portray. Also office sex is sort of against Art's personality and Nice would respect Art's no, but well I hope I kept everyone in character. This is my first smut to finish in awhile.

Please review and tell me how I did. You can expect more fics from me, though my OTP is Ration/Birthday ... Okay not exactly they're tied, but NiceArt has so much more stuff right now I'll personally add to the other ship just to try to attract more shippers.

End  
file.